### What the Flowers Said.

"Hey willow waly! I wish I were a dairy, A merry, lauguing daisy, a little must "Then bey willow-waly; when life is tright or

Keep a cheerful spirit. The dainy gay re-"Hey willow want a buttereup Pd like to A longist, golden buttereup," the little maid

"Then my willow wally! little maiden, draw to Life employ sunshine," the buttercup re

"Hey willow-waiy! that I could be a clover, A second criment clover," the lattic maided support.
"Then any willow-waiy! cre thy youth is over, I covere all its honey," the clover sweet re-pered.

"Hey willow-walv! if I could only be a rose, A dulary, creety, wild rose," Do little maid-"Then bey willow-waly! every little maid

### How to be a reschied," the dainty rose re-Grace F. Pennypacker, in St. Nicholas for

#### WINNY.

Stranger to Canada, I think you aid? First visit to Outario? Well, you're heartily welcome to Indian Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready we dine early in these new-world parts.

Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All as far as you can see grass-land, cornfields, woods and creeks-all belong to it. Stock, too-they call it the best stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine: and yet I came to Canada twelve yearago, without even the traditional halfcrown in my trousers pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to boar the story? There's a good halfhour to dinner time yet, and it's a story I never tire of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the south of England. You know that class pretty well, dote say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vieur of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was 7 years old and I II, and she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and cried. and I picked her up, and smoothed the crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of her golden curls, I joyed but one girl in the world, and that was the viear's daughter, Winny

Madness, you'll say. Well, perhaps so, and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes, whatever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by child-bood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding school. If Mass Winny had had a mother no doubt things would have been very different; but we are alike in never havold vient was blind to everything but his theological treatises. But when she came back from her

Lomion boarding school, a beautiful roung lady, all smiles and laces and little lavely ways-then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the men she mid meet; but what can a lad in an English village do? I had just enough education to make every other lad the village hate me; and beside the men of her world I suppose I ent rather an astonishing figure. Yet the love of her was so beyond all else in me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it. I had no power over myself; and the first time I caught ber alone in the woods-she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I told her the whole story, and waited for her anower. She grew searlet-a rush of color that dved her sweet face there

"Des." she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult-1 know you better but if my father hear of this he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness." And she ran from me.
I let her go. I had seen the blush

I had been Mr. Loftus, the young squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a selemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outlit, and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a galley-slave starved and pinched and saved, and never spent a penny on myself except for the books I sat up half the night to read and Well, in this country the man who works and doesn't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By and by I bought some land dirt cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was help ed by a power far abier than my own At last, ten years to the very day after Leet foot on Canadian soil. I bought this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain. for I fitted up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study-table, and a tiny work-basket with a tiny gold thimble in itwhen all was finished I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devshire village. The very gates were still half-off their hinges, as I left them. only the people were a little older and a trille more stupid, and there was a been dead six months-died very poor. they told me; there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? Oh, she had gone governessing with some people who were just off to Canada, and the ship sailed to-marrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the Antarctic, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for strong as a horse, and active enough, and, though the captain eyed me rather askance. - I had been to a West-end tatior on my way through London, he was too glad to get me to ask any questions, so I sailed on the ship with ny gari, fattie as sho know it. I saw her the first day or two, looking so pule and thin that she was like the ghost of her old self, and yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and hadrered her till I longed to cuff But there was a gentleness and patience about her quite new to my ideas of Miss Winny, and I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November-an early Winter, and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our ma-chinery was broken—the screw damaged-and we could not keep our As we drew near the other course. side of the Atlantic we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last the fogs told us we were somewhere off the banks of Newtoundland, but where no one was quite sure. It seem-ed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it, or dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place-a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew that the Antarctic had struck.

It is a fearful thing, if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panie-cries, ter-ror, confusion, agony-Oh, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the state-room I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose!"
The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready—dressed, even to her little black hat. The cabin light had been left burning, by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. wondered if she would know me. forgot the danger we were in-forgo that death was waiting close at hand forgot that the world held any one but

just her and me. "Dick!" she cried..."Oh, Dick, Dick!" and sne fell forward in a dead

faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back to me then and I threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great for-lined cloak had been dropped by the door of b ladies' cabin. There was no light, but I stumbled over it as I ran. I snatched it up and carried it with me.
Up above, all was in the wildest

chaos; the boats overfilled, and pushing off, the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One ple shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which make one's heart glow as one reads them; but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the Antarctic The captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their beads altogether.

I saw the go was not a chance for the over-crewded boats in that sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon, a score of others fol-lowed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was, I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just com-ing to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which nung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel ever, or I should not be telling on the story; she settled down, just her deck above water, but the great seas washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone! One or two of the crew, floating on loose spars, were picked up afterward --no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below, the sea was too strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to

think he had been saved he was not :

oward like some of the others. and, and you will have some idea of ful. The spray froze on the sheets as t fell; the yards were slippery with and the tremor, and I guessed that if ice. I stamped on Winny<sup>1</sup>, feet to keep them from freezing. Dol you notice that I limp a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Some times there was a splash in the black water below, as some poor fellow' stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind, nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship last before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves thes questions again and again, but there as no answer. Death stared us in the face; we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute—and yet, you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and the sorrows after all those ten long weary years,

held my girl in my arms at last! She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her), and her hand lay there with it-it was the hand tha warmed me more than the cloak-and her cheek rested against my own. Oft en I thought its coldness was the gold ness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die togeth er. And then I would eateh the murmur of the pracers she was uttering for us both, and know that life wa

there still, and hope lived too. Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mer-cy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and soon rockets were fired, and ropes were secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea, and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I kney nothing then, nor for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me Upon my word, now you ask, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unnecessary, somehow Caste distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death the face for a few hours; and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging over that Somehow I was glad it was so; glad that my girl had taken me, in me cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it ail; glad she never dreamed I was owner of Indian Creek farm, and the rich est man in that end of Ontario, and had wealth and position higher than Mr. Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night; she had no one in the world but me. married at Montreal-the captain of the Antarctic gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rockng-enair, and the work-basket and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes, with her baby on her shoulder. Come in to dinner, friend, and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old; the girl I won amid the ocean's surges .-Bright Days.

### Beating a Powder-House.

"They tried the gum-game on me down in Pennsylvania," said the old tramp to a Detroit Free Press reporter as he got a fresh brace on the fence for his back, "but I came out ahead, considerable ahead.

"How was it?" "Well I struck the Town of York one day, and I didn't look a bit like a gentleman. My duds were old, my complexion ruined, and I was all run down at the heel. Ever in York?'

"Well, the people there neither send money to the heathen in Africa nor waste sympathy on the tramps of America. I struck thirteen houses in succession and didn't get a bite; and I was looking around for scrap-iron to stay my stomach, when along comes an officer and gives me the collar. was taking me to the cooler when a wagon drives up, and the chap on the front seat calls out that he will give me a steady job at a dollar a day.

What at? "You wait a minute. I didn't hank er for work, mind you, but I didn't care for the jug, and so, as the officer was willing. I climbed into the wagor and away we went. That job was in the powder-houses which blew up the The manager thought he er day. had a big joke on me, and though I didn't like the idea of working over a volcano, I turned to and put in three days before I quit.

Why did you quit?" "Well, on the third day, as I was carrying powder to the storehouse, the manager came into the building. There was a busted keg on the floor, and I was smoking my pipe. He didn't no tice this until he got past me and I had him cut off. Then I sits down by the busted keg, pulls away at my pipe, and says I:

" 'Mr. Manager, if we gets there at the same moment you must give me a " 'W-where?' says he, his face whiter

" 'At heaven's gate!' I answers. "With that he wanted to know if I hadn't rather take \$30 in cash all the money he had with him and go west and run for office and become a great man, and I didn't know but I would. He tossed me his wallet, remarking that the train would leave in about five minutes, and I picked it up and walked off. I reckoned on being pursued, but he didn't even yell after me. The last I saw of him his legs were giving out at the knees, and a snow-landscape was no comparison to his complexic He may have picked up another tramp

### since, but I guess not -Ig-u-e-s-s not Too Bashful to Get the Dog.

. Talking about Maine," continued something that happened down our way when I lived there—when I was a boy. It was in a country town. A young fellow (very bashful) was out riding with his girl one afternoon, when he saw an old farmer coming down the road in his hay-rigging. Of the sent beside him was a little girl.

" I'm going to have some fun with him, Sal, said the young swain, haulng up side of the old farmer. The farmer drew up and the young fellow bawied out, nudging Sally: stranger, I'm powerfully struck with that there dog of yours, and I'd like to buy him.'

think an all-fired heap of that dorg myself, and I guess I ain't particular abaout a sellin' of him." "The farmer saw he was being 'guyed,' so he said: 'You 'pear to be

gol darned han'some girl there with you. I tell you what I'll do; you throw your arm around that 'ere gal and give her a good smack and I don't mind givin' yer the dorg.'
"That was enough for the bashfu roung man; he whipped up his horse and went on. They rode along in sil ence for an hour or more. Sal in her

corner and Bill in his. Then Sal sort of edged up to Bill's side, turned scar let, and, looking coyly up into his eyes, said: 'Say, Bill, it 'pears to me that you didn't want that dog powerful bad, did you?' That settled it; it broke the ice, and one of their grandchildren is going to school down here

## The Annual.

The editor of the Rackville Scythe is a smart man. The other day while on board a railway trein he sat down beside a passenger and, handing him a paper, said:

"Here's a copy of my last issue." The passenger took the paper and "Do you travel much over this road?"

the editor asked.

"Not a great deal." "You bet I do. They give me an annual pass, you know. Nothing like having an annual. I am constitutionally opposed to paying a railroad any thing; ain't you?

"Well, I am not fond of paying." "Say," said the editor, "I don't mind telling you a little something. am rather hard up to-day and Fif sell

you my pass for ten dollars." Then what will you do?" "On, I'll get another one. em I lost it, don't you see. Oh, I know how to work 'em. Takes a country newspaper man for that, ch?" ued the editor laughing heartily. never saw a railroad that I couldn'

work. How far do you go?" "All the way through."
"That so? Now, sir, if you had a eass like this you would be fixed. What business are you in?'

"I am the general superintendent of this road. Let me take that pass."
At present, the editor of the Rackville Seythe has no annual pass. - Ar

# A Wise Rouster.

E. Burhans is the owner of a rooster which has increased in value since a little incident occurred a few evening The family noticed the rooster at their back door making a peculiar sound and appearing excited, but paid no attention to it. When they looked no attention to it. When they looked up the bird would run to the hen-house, and, seeing no one following, would return to the back door, still acting in a strange manner. This was repeated several times, when Mr. Burhans went out to see what was the cause of the disturbance. The rooster led the way to the coop, where Mr. Burhans found the hens all sitting on the ground and the pole down on which they should As soon as he put it up again the rooster sprang on the perch and gleefully called the others, who soon followed. And then they settled down for the right. - Middleton (N. Y.) Press.

### A Strange Burial.

A strange interment took place in Norris City cemetery, at Norristown, recently. Old Charles Johnson was burrecently. Old Charles Johnson. He and ty knew old Charles Johnson. ty knew old Charles sonnes.
his brother Isaac lived near Hickorytown. Charles was 80 years old, but Isaac has not yet reached 70. Many years ago they kept the North Star hotel, near Hickertown, which they had inherited from their father, who had received it from his father. They went into the lime business and grew rich. The hotel requiring too much attention they gave it up and devoted their entire time to the other business. How much money they made nobody knows, but the amount is estimated from \$100,000

With increased wealth came increased parsimony. Their house was always as neat as a pin, but no woman has been in it for a quarter of a century. They once had a housekeeper, but after she left they made no attempt to get another. Whether this was because of their penury or their hatred of womankind no one knows, but it is very likely that both were the motives that actuated them. Both, of course, were bachelors. Charles was taciturn, close-fisted, and worked like a slave until live or six years ago, when his left side became paralyzed. The brothers lived in constant terror of being robbed, but Charles had a still greater fear. He was afraid that ghouls would steal his body after death. Thirty years ago he placed \$500 in his vest pocket.

"When I die," said he to his brother, "take this money for the funeral

expenses, and have my body walled in the grave

In all these thirty years he carried the money around with him. When he died the roll of bills was taken from his pocket creased and flimsy with age. The body lay incased in a handsome rosewood coffin, with massive silver handles, and a plate of sterling metal bearing his name. When the grave was reached the rosewood casket was placed in a cedar box. This was low ered into a strong casing of brick and cement, which had been built in the grave. A heavy stone slab was then laid on the mason work, and the grave-diggers shoveled the loose soil by the side of the grave into the yawning aperture that contained all that was mortal of old Charles Johnson.

He made two wills, but his fear of death made him superstitiously postpone adding his signature, and they were never signed. His money, for which he strove so hard, depriving himself of everything but actual necessities to augment the pile, will be divided between his brother Isaac, his sister, who is a widow named Yerks, and the children of another brother who died some years ago. - Philadelphia North-American.

### How to Deal With Murderers.

In accordance with a recent law all executions in Onio will take piace with-in the walls of the penitentiary. The object of the law is to prevent the publicity that usually attends executions at jails; but it is defective, as it does not limit the attendance to the prison officials. In New York the law limits the number of spectators. They are, however, usually more numerous than they ought to be, and sheriffs are apt to overlook the requirements of the law in order to accommodate people whose curious tastes find a gratification in such a ghastly exhibition. But the worst aspect of our present manner of treating persons condemned to death is the publicity allowed during their confinement in jails. They are generally allowed to receive as many disitors as they wish, and the morba sympathy that makes a hero or a martyr out of a morderer is allowed every opportunity for expression. News-papers feel under obligations to keep their readers advised of every event of interest that takes place in the cell of the condemned, because demand for that kind of "literature, There is another class of readers who are shocked by such details, and especially by the portrayal of agonizing scenes at the gallows. The tendency is to increase the number of those who oppose capital punishment, to break down the safeguards which society has erected for its own safety, to foster an unwholesome sympathy for criminals, and to lessen abnorrence of their crimes. The best remedy for the evil is to consign all persons under sentence of death to a state prison, to be kept secure from public observation, and to be executed in the presence of the prison physician, the chaplain, and the necessary number of other prison officials. - Albany Express.

## Grant's Indifference to Music.

The appreciation of music was to him a lost sense: the musician's score was a sealed book. He used to say h knew only two tunes; one was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't. In the days when he was received on all occasions to the music of brass bands he would say with mock pride that he really believed he had added a third tune to his repertoire—"Hail to

When the headquarters were pitched at City Point, at the time the armies sat down in front of Richmond and Petersburg, a general officer who com-manded the brigade stationed at that place wanted to do something that would afford the commanding general especial delight, so he sent the brigade band over to the headquarters camp to play while the mess were dining. About the third evening the General remarked: "I've noticed that that band always begins its 'noise' just about the time I am sitting down to dinner and want to talk. A staffofficer at once went to suppress it, and see whether it could be made to obey the order to "cease tiring." The broad belted band-master was puffing with all the vigor of a quack-medicine advertisement. His eyes were glued to his music, and it was not so easy task to attract his attention. Like a sperm-whale, he had come up to blow, and was not going to be put down till be had finished; but finally he was made to understand that, like the hand-organ man, he was desired to With a look of disinheritmove on ance on his countenance he marched off his band to its camp, feeling that Mozart and Beethoven had lived in -Gen. Horace Porter, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Among the flints of chalk formation s occasionally found one that emits a clear inusical sound when struck with another flint. A Frenchman has just succeeded in making a "piano" from these musical stones. The flints are suspended by wires above a sounding board, and are played by two other thats. The stones of the plane number twenty-six, forming two chromatic octaves, and were collected with much | patient labor, during a period of thirty years. There seems to be no relation between the sizes of the stones and

### A Miner's Singular Dream

A party of Cheyennese, who are oldlmers, and have seen cities grow on the plains and the mountain sides and by the rivers, and who have very little to show for it, except memories of auld lang syne, were sitting around a table in a back room last night talking about what they had done and what they

would like to do.
"I wish I had that drawer full of gold twenties," said one of them. "Not the little drawer, but the big one on the other side.

"What would you do with it?" asked another of the party.
"Do with it? Why, I'd retire," he

replied. "Retire from what?" savagely asked yet another.
"Well, I don't know exactly; I'd just

sorter retire, as it were. "Yes, you'd retire to the Gold Room, or somewhere, and come back here in about three weeks asking me to set 'em

up. That's the way you d return.
"No, I wouldn't either, for I'd know you wouldn't do it, otherwise you'd set 'em up right now." That was a clincher, and the old

man did "set 'em up."
"Now." said the first man—the one who wanted the twenties—after the refreshments had arrived, "Now, the fact is, that if I had all the money I could use I'd hunt me up a vailey in Wyoming, where the land is good and the water plenty, and I'd build a little town, and on one block I'd put a fine row of tenements for all my friends to live in and the middle house should be a fine theater, which would do for a church on Sundays, and I'd have railroad to the town, and let her grow We'd all start on an equal footing, and the first fellow who got so right that he felt himself above the other fellows, I'd fire him out of town and let him make a fresh start some place else

"Oh, hush, that ain't natural," said somebody. "Money will make a beg-gar thick be was born in a castle, and ie'll get a coat-of-arms off a fruit-can or something of the sort and swear that he inherited it inside of ten years. Your town's busted already, old man.

"Well, the fact is, I haven't built it yet," said the castle-constructor, "but the truth is, that if I and even money enough to set 'em up now again I'd de

Somebody else had, and the stimulants appeared once more, and by the time the party broke up all of them were as rich as they wanted to be, and voted that nothing succeeds like success, and this morning they will feel as if they had succeeded in securing a head which will require them to have a shochorn to get their hats on good.— San Francisco Alta.

# Striking Adaptation in the Leaves

We have hitherto been considering, for the most part, decidents trees. It is generally supposed that in autumn leaves drop off because they die My impression is that most persons would be very much surprised to hear that this is not altogether the case. In fact, however, the separation is a vital process, and if a bough is killed, the main attached to it. Indeed, the dead leaves not only remain in \*du, but they are still firmly attached. Being dead and withered, they give the impression that the least shock would detach them; on the contrary, however, they will often bear a weight of as much as we pounds without coming off. In evergreen species the conditions are in many respects different. When

we have an early fall of snow in nutuum, the trees which still retain their leaves are often very much bro-ken down. Hence, perhaps, the com-parative paneity of evergreens in temperate regions, and the tendency of evergreens to have smooth and glossy leaves, such as those of the holly, box, and evergreen-oak. Hairy leave especially retain the snow on which more and more accumulates. Again, evergreen leaves sometime remain on the tree for several years: or four years, the spruce or silver-fir

sixteen or seventeen, aranearia and others even longer. It is true that during the later years they gradually dry and wither; still, under these circumstances they naturally require special protection. They are, as a general rule, tough, and even leathery. In many species, again, as is the case with our holly, they are spinose. This serves as a protection from browsing animals; and in this way we can, I think, explain the curious fact that while young hollies have spiny leaves. those of older trees, which are out of the reach of browsing animals, tend to become quite unarmed. In confirmation of this I may also

adduce the fact that while in the evergreen-oak the leaves on well-grown rees are entire and smooth-edged like like those of the latirel, specimens which are cropped and kept low form scrubby brushes with hard prickly Science Monthly for Angust.

## Grant's Epigrams.

His style was clear and terse, with little of ornament. He used Angio-Saxon words much more frequently Latin. He seldom indulged in metaphor, but when he did employ a figure of speech it was original and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being "in a bottle strongly corked," or alluded to our armies at one time moving "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being concious of it. There is scarcely a docu ment written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottoes or placed upon transparencies. As example may be mentioned: "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" "I shall take no backward step;" the famous "I propos to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" "Let us have peace;" best means of securing the repeal of an obnoxious law is its vigorous enforce ment." - Gen. Horace vorter, in Har per's Magazine for September.

In Boston the chief of the Fire Department rides in a red buggy when he hurries headlong to ares. The notion is that persons will break for the side walk and clear the track when they see a horse snorting flame, so to say, and widdly dragging a red charlot to-ward them. But some of the newspaper people in Boston are women, who wear dainty gowns of room's egg blue, and the se charming critics ject to the startling reduess of the red wagon as smacking too much of the old red-shirted threman. They have suggested that the color be down, and plump upon the suggestion comes a scornful reply from a champion of the red buggy. As it looks now there is going to be quite a controversy of aesthetic cut.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

A monument is to be erected in Paris to the inventor of soda-water. We suppose it will bear a representation of the inventor's phiz.—Boston Fost.

It is a rule the world over that where woman is lovely her immediate male concomitants are on the other extreme. - Thomasville (Ga.) Enterprise.

Doctor - "For dinner take forty min-Timid patient - "Would it be dangerous to add a piece of meat and some vegetable?"—Jewish Messenger.

"A servant-girl who permits no familiarity on the part of the gentle-man of the house" advertised for a man of the house" advertised for a place in Cincinnati, and received 580 answers in two days-all from ladies.

A Pittsburg base-ball club is called the "Four Aces." The other day a little nine-spot club came along and euchered them. They didn't suppose it was 'in the cards.''—Norristown Herald. News from London says the demand

for the revised Bible was very disap-pointing to the publishers. Perhaps a new novel by Ouida or M. Zola was thrown on the market about the same time. - Norristown Heraid.

The revised version has it that "all is vanity and a striving after wind. There must have been theatrical managers in those days as well as now, whose greatest object in life was the newspaper "puff."—Peck's Sun.

Of the nine great musical composers of Germany not one of them had a face an average man would like to meet on a lonely road at twilight's solemn He could count on either being dunned or thumped. - A Sour Critic' Opinion.

"Is that the crowd going out to the races, or is it a ratification meeting?" "Neither, stranger; that man walking so fast in front is a country merchant; the 700 other fellows you see are drummers. They'll get him stranger."-Courier-Journal

Boarding - house mistress—"Poor little fellow! He has been overcome by the heat. He's so weak I'll have to earry him to bed." Boarder—"Why not take this cup of coffee with you? It's a good deal weaker than the boy is."—Philadelphia Call.

"Boss, hab you got any ob dem confound cavortic pills?"

"Yes. Do you want them plain or coated?"

"Dunno. I want dem ones what"

He got 'em. - Texas Siftings. A Western citizen who had been worsted in a light was told that he could collect damages. "I did collect damages," he replied mournfully. "I

collected everything but a piece of my left ear and two front teeth; I couldn' find those." - New York Times. A little boy in town said the other day that he had seen all kinds of birds. giving in his list "woodpeckers," woodchuckers," and "dictionaries.

After much questioning it was found that he meant by the latter "Dick-canaries," -Lawrence (Mass.) American. During the Summer season the daily papers in the largest cities suspend their 'Religious Intelligence' column. Something must be crowded out to make room for the rush of base-ball news, and the least readable depart-

ment has to go. - Norristown Herald. There is at least this balm for the beaten boating boys of Yale. McCosh of Princeten declares that as : rule the leading athletes in college are the poorest scholars. It must seem to the Yale men that the Harvard fellows can't even read and write. Acid Tor.

Several cadets at the Naval Academy charged with the beinous offense of "kissing their hands and in various ways floring with the pretty girls on the steamer" that passed them, are undergoing an examination. Of course should be court-martialed and shot

A New York cork-merchant, who ought to know better, says: "All our corks are taken from the bark of the cork oak." Nonsense. There are more orks taken from beer and champagne bottles in America every year than he ever saw taken from all the oaks in the park. - Brooking Eagle.

"Do you know a man by the name of Legion?" inquired Dumley of a friend. "Legion? No. I never heard of him." "Jenkins told me last night that I and been called the biggest fool jack-

ass on earth, and when I demanded the man's name he said it was Legion. I'm looking for him." - Puck. New York papers tell of "a corps held for debt. We shouldn't think it would be much trouble to hold :

corpse. If some of the live men of that city who are in debt to bank depositors could be held long enough to prevent them from skipping to Canada it would be better .- Norristown Herald. Some parties in Hickman, Ky. 1 claim to have captured a monster cattish, in the masticating sack of which they found \$50 in gold and \$5.50 in silver

tied up in a rag. It looks as if this was another queer fish, probably President of a marine bank - one of the banks of the Mississippi-on his way to Canada Texus Siftings. "There is only one thing that make ne doubt the truth of the gospel," said

Cross when Ross, who is an earnest devotee, was trying to persuade his friend to turn from the error of his ways. "What is that?" asked Ross.

"The apostles were nearly all fisheren." -St. Paul Herald.

"They are making a door with five keyholes," said Mrs. Auger. "What's the use in having so many?" asked Mr. Auger. "It will be much easier to You can find it much more easily when you come home late." replied the kind lady. "Rubbish!" responded Mr. Auger. "Idiocy! When I come home late one keyhole is about all I care to find."—Puck. Florence Marryat says there is to be

a race for supremacy between the sexes.

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Senday.

Train seaving at 9:50 a.m. has through alsoping car to Hoston and New York withsleeping our to Boston and New Asia can to out change.

The train leaving at 8:35 has parior car to Cleveland, connecting with the through sleeper to New York and Boston.

Train leaving Springfield at 2:40 p m has sleeper to New York without change.

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Particular advantages aftered to Western Emi-grants. Land and Tourist Trokets to all point reached by any line. Passenger trains leave Springheid, O., from Union Depot as follows: Going East, 6:06 a.m., 2:55 a. m., 5:25 p. m. 45 p. m. Going West, 7:20 s. m., 11:35 s. m., 5:30 p. m. Going West, 7:20 s. m., 10:00 s. m., 5:30 p. m. Going South, 0. S. n. B., 10:20 s. m., 5:30 p. m.

Trains arrive: From East, 2:05 a. m., 8:10 a. p.,, 11:10 z. m., 6:00 .m., From West, 2:30 s. m., 5:48 s. m., 9:30 p. m., From North, 1:36 s. m., 9:30 j. m., 4:56 s. m From South 9:30 s. m., 4:38 p. m.,

C. E. Henderson, H. M. Breuson, 1500 Mainager Sich Taker D. H. ROTHE, Batteral Agent, Wm. HIP ERMAN, Taker Agent, Ohio Southern Division.
Trains Arrive from Jackson and Washington L. N

Time. No. 1 (except Sunday) 5:15 p. m. (b) p. m. No. 3 (except Sunday) 10:10 n. m. (b) a. m. (b) a. m. (b) a. m. (b) a. m. (c) a. m.

R. Y. P. & O. BAILWAY.

No. 39, accommodation, daily 21 fa in. No. 1, Cln. Express daily 10.40 a. in. No. 5, St. L. Limited Express fully 8.47 p. in. Trains Leave poing hast No. 4. New York Limited daily No. 2 accom odation No. 5, New York Express daily Trains Arrive From the West No. 4, St. Louis Limited, daily No. 2, accommodation No. 8, N. Y. Express, daily Trains Leave Roing West No. 39, accommodation, daily No. 1, Cincinnati Express, thi No. 5, St. Louis Limited, daily Trains No. 4 and 8 have sleepers, but no change of ears in either case is rough to New York.
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L. M. Division-Springfield Branch. | Departing | No. 1, 2-0.41, No. 7, No. 8, Express | Exp Ar. Louisvie 7.50pm 7.50pm 1.00am

No. 9. Eastern Express, leaves Springhold \*2.40
a. m.; Yellow Springs 9.04 a. m. Arrive Xenia
9.30 a. m.; Columbus 1.10 a. m.

No. 8. 20.12 No. 8. No. 2.

Eastern Local Tay Col'bus Express Express Express Express Express Express Express Express Lv. Louisvie \*2.50am | 7.25am | 7.25am | 7.15pm | 1.75pm | 1.75pm

No. 10, Local Accommodation, leaves Xonic 5.36 a. m. Arrive Yellow Springs 5.5 a. m.; Spring-field 7.00 a. m.

Florence Marry at says there's to be a race for supremacy between the sexes, and that men will never be inspired with a proper regard for women until women sit dawn on them. Taking these 'Po statements together, it appears to us that the race for supremacy, as far as women are concerned, is to be made under the rule of the skating rinks—via. In laps.—Boston Confider.

One day last week, when the engines were flying down Washington street in response to an alarm of fire, a man who was running was stopped by an eager citizen in quest of information, who asked hurriedly of him: "What's a fire?" To which the other af grily replied: "What's a fire? Why something in a state of combustion, you fool! Look at your dictionary!"—Boston Gazette.

Sir Moses Monteflore was conscious to the last, and for two hours previous to his death frequently prayed. As his life ebbed he often untered the words, "Thank God!" or "Thank Heaven!"

Mean for washington and Eastern and Sew highand points. South, trough trains for Elchmond, Isdianapolls, St. Lands and points would fire and points south, trough trains for Elchmond, Isdianapolls, St. Lands and points west. No. 5 is the famous lite ted Express and maked direct connections at Xenia for Cincinnal, Louismond, Isdianapolls, St. Lands and points west. No. 5 is the famous lite ted Express and maked direct connections at Xenia for Cincinnal, No. 6 is the famous lite ted Express and maked direct connections at Xenia for Cincinnal, No. 6 is the famous lite ted Express and maked therefore the support of the famous lite ted Express and maked therefore the support of the famous lite ted Express and maked therefore the support of the famous lite ted Express and maked therefore the support of the famous lite ted Express and maked the